MEMORS OF SHE ACCORAN DOYLE. SY SUR A. CONAN DOYLE. AN ANNULL which often street the understandard to drive its from our minds, and it was, week, and give what reason you like, even at the risk of the loss of his j quest in all probability." he enswered j obvious that we had at last come upon

An anomaly which often struck me in the character of my friend Sheriock Holmes was that, although in his methods of thought he was really an attempt to cover the markind, and although also he affected a certain quiet primness of dress, he was none the less in his personal habits one of the most untidy men that ever drove a fellow-lodger to distraction. Not that I am in the lesst convention. Not that I am in the lesst convention which he was made me rather more lax than befits a medical man. But with me there is a limit, and in the country. Something of his birth-place seemed to cling to the man, and in the coal-souttle, his tobacce in the town of a Persian slipper, and his unanswered correspondence transfixed by a jack-knife into the very center of the week drifted into talk, and I was reading. The book, however, had his wrocken mantelplece, then I begin its offer the converted mantelplece, then I begin its offer the converted was really an attempt to cover of a Butler Bundon. In appearance he was a man of an exceeding use string his the case was a man of an exceeding under Bundon. In this was how it came about. I have said that the man was intelligence has caused his ruin, for it seems to have led to an insatiable curiosity about things which did not in the least convention. Not that I am in the least convention of fluristone is perhaps the cleast inhabited building on the top of a natural Bohemianism of disposition, has made me talk in the seemed to cling to the man, and in the country. Something of his birth-place seemed to cling to the man, and in ever looked at his pale, keen face or the poise of his head without associated by a jack-knife into the very center of or twice we drifted into talk, and I was reading. The book, however, had the wordern mantelplece, then I begin to give myself virtuous airs. I have ever drove a fellow-lodger to distraction. Not that I am in the least conventional in that respect myself. The rough-and-tumble work of Afghanistan, coming on the top of a natural Bohemianism of disposition, has made marather more lax than befits a medical man. But with me there is a limit, and when I find a man who keeps his cigars in the coal-scuttle, his tobacce in the toe end of a Persian slipper, and his unanswered correspondence transfixed by a jack-knife into the very center of his wooden mantelplece, then I begin to give myself virtuous airs. I have always held, too, that pistol practice should be distinctly an open-air pastime; and when Holmes, in one of his queer humors, would sit in an armichair with his hair-trigger and a hundred Boxer cartridges, and proceed to adorn the opposite wall with a patriotic V. R. done in bullet-pocks, I felt strongly that neither the atmosphere nor the appearance of our room was improved by it.

Our chambers were always full of chemicals and of turning up in the butter-dish or in even less desirable places. But his papers were my great crux. He had a horror of destroying documents, especially those which were connected with his past cases, and yet it was only once in every year or two that be would muster energy to docket and arrange them; for, as I have mentioned somewhere in these incoherent memoirs, the outbursts of passionate energy when he performed the remarkable feats with

where in these incoherent memoirs, the outbursts of passionate energy when he performed the remarkable feats with which his name is associated were followered by reactions of lethargy during which he would lie about with his violin and his books, hardly moving save from the sofs to the table. Thus menth after menth his papers accumulated, until every corner of the room was stocked with bundles of manuscript which were on no account to be burned, and which could not be put away save by their owner. One Winter's night, as we sat together by the fire, I ventured to suggest to him that, as he had finished pasting extracts into his common-place book, he might employ the next two hours in making our room a little more habitable. He could not dony the justice of my request, so with a rather rueful face he went off to his bedroom, from which he returned presently pulling a large tin box behind him. This he placed in the middle of the floor, and, squatting down upon a stool in front of it, he threw back the lid. I could see that it was already a third full of bundles of papers tied up with red tape into separate packwith red tape into separate pack-

a third full of bundles of papers tied up with red tape into separate packages.

There are cases enough here, Watson," said he, looking at me with mischievous eyes. "I think that if you knew all that I had in this box you would ask me to pull some out instead of putting others in."

These are the records of your early work, then? I asked. "I have often wished that I had notes of those cases."

"Tes, my boy, these were all done prematurely before my biographer had come to glority me." He lifted bundle after bundle in a tender, caressing sort of way. They are not all successes, Watson, said he. "But there are some pretty little problems among them. Here's the record of the Tariston murders, and the case of Vamberry, the wine merchant, and the ndventure of the old Russian woman, and the singular affair of the aluminium crutch, as well as a full account of Ricoletti of the club-foot, and his abominable wife. And here—ah, now, this really is something ciub-foot, and his abominable wife. And here—ah, now, this really is something a little recherche." He dived his arm down to the bot-

tom of the chest and brought up a small wooden box with a sliding lid. such as shildren's toys are kept in. From within he produced a crumpled piece of paper, an old-fashioned brass key, a peg of wood with a ball of string attached to it, and three rusty old disks

attached to it, and the of metal.
"Well, my bey, what do you make of this lot?" he asked, smiling at my ex-"It is a curious collection."

"Very curious, and the story that hangs round it will strike you as being more curious still."
"These relies have a history, then?"

"These relies have a history, then?"
"So much so that they are history."
"What do you mean by that?"
Sherlock Helmes picked them up one
by one, and laid them along the edge
of the table. Then he reseated himself
in his chair and looked them over with
a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes.
"These," said he, "are all that I
have left to remind me of the adventure of the Musgrave Ritual.'

I heard him mention the case more than once, though I had never been able to gather the details. "I should be so glad," said I, "If you would give me an account of it." 'And leave the litter as it is?" he

and leave the litter as it is no cried, mischlevously. "Your tidiness won't hear much strain after all, Watson. But I should be glad that you should add this case to your annais, for there are points in it which make it quite unique in the criminal records of this or. I believe, of any other country. A collection of my trifling achievements would certainly be incomplete which centained no account of this very singular business.

singular business.

You may remember how the affair of the Gloria Scott, and my conversation with the unhappy man whose fats I told you of, first turned my attention In the direction of the profession which has become my life's work. You see me now when my name has become known fare and wide, and when I am

generally recognized both by the pub-lic and by the official force as being a final court of appeal in doubtful cases. Even when you know me first. at the time of the affair which you have commemorated in 'A Study in Scarlet,' I had already established a considerable, though not a very incra-tive, connection. You can hardly re-alize, then, how difficult I found it at



"'You probably heard of my father's death, said he; 'he was then I have, of course, had the Huristone estates to manage, and as I am member for my district as well, my life has been a busy one. But I understand, Holmes that you are in the control of the course of the cour derstand, Holmes, that you are turning to practical ends those powers with which you used to amaze us?"
"'Yes,' said I, 'I have taken to Hv-

ing by my wits.
"I am delighted to hear it, for your advice at present would be exceedingly valuable to me. We have had some very strange doings at Huristone, and the police have been able to throw no light upon the matter. It is really the most extraordinary and inexplicable business."

"You can imagine with what eager ness I listened to him, Watson, for the very chance for which I had been panting during all those months of inaction seemed to have come within my reach. In my inmost heart I be-lieved that I could succeed where oth-ers failed, and now I had the oppor-tunity to test myself.

"'Pray, let me have the details,' I

"Pray, let me have the details," I cried.
"Reginald Musgrave sat down opposite to me, and lit the cigarette which I had pushed towards him.
"You must know," said he, 'that though I am a bachelor I have to keep up a considerable staff of servants at Huristone, for it is a rambling old place and takes a good deal of looking the staff of the servants. place and takes a good deal of towards after. I preserve, too, and in the pheasant months I usually have a house party, so that it would not do to be short-handed. Altogether there are eight maids, the cook, the butler, two footmen and a boy. The garden and the stables, of course, have a separate staff. arate staff.

arate staff.
"'Of these servants the one who
had been longest in our service was
Brunton, the butler. He was a young
schoolmaster out of place when he was first taken up by my father, but he was a man of great energy and character, and he soon became quite invaluable in the household. He was a well-grown, handsome man, with a splendid forehead, and though he has been with us for 20 years he cannot be fore than 40 now. With his per-sonal advantages and his extraordin-

have commemorated in 'A Study in Scarlet,' I had already established a considerable, though not a very incrative, connection. For can hardly realize, then, how difficult I found it at first, and how long I had to wait before I succeeded in making any headward from I first came up to London I had rooms in Montague street, just round the corner from the British had have been satisfied so length to abundant leisure time by attudying all those branches of science which might make me more efficient. Now and again cases came in my way, principally through the introduction of old fellow-students, for during my last years at the university there was a good deal of talk there about myself and my methods. The third of these cases was that of the Musgrave Ritual, and it is to the interest which was aroused by that singular chain of svenits, and the large issues which proved to be at stake, that I trace my first strids toward the position which a new hold.

"Reginal Musgrave had been in the same college as myself, and I had some slight acquaintance with him. A few mass college as myself, and I had some slight acquaintance with him. A few more same college as myself, and I had some slight acquaintance with him. A few more some college as myself, and I had some slight acquaintance with him. A few more some college as myself, and I had some slight acquaintance with him. A few more some college as myself, and I had some slight acquaintance with him. A few more slight acquaintance with him. A few more some college as myself, and I had some slight acquaintance with him. A few more slight acquaintance with him. A few more slight acquaintance with him. A few more some slight acquaintance with him. A few more slight acquaintance with him and the same college as myself, and I had well as a s

can remember that more than once he | been left in the billiard-room, so pulled on my dressing-gown and started off to get it.

"In order to reach the billiard-room I had to descend a flight of stairs and then to cross the head of a passage which led to the library and the gunroom. You can imagine my surprise when, as I looked down this corridor, I saw a glimmer of light coming from the open door of the library. I had myself extinguished the lamp and closed the door before coming to bed. Naturally my first thought was of burglars. The corridors at Hurlstone have their walls largely decorated with trophies of old weapons. From one of these I picked a battle-ax, and then.

of these I picked a battle-ax, and then-leaving my candle behind me, I crept on tiptos down the passage and peeped in at the open door.

"Brunton, the butler, was in the library. He was sitting, fully dressed, in an easy chair with a slip of paper which looked like a map upon his knee, and hos forchead sunk forward knee, and hos forelead sunk forward upon his hand in deep thought. I stood dumb with astonishment, watching him from the darkness. A small taper on the edge of the table shed a feeble light which sufficed to show me that he was fully dressed. Suddenly, as I looked, he rose from his chair, and walking over to a bureau at the walking over to a bureau at the side, he unlocked it and drew out one of the drawers. From this he took a paper, and returning to his seat he flattened it out beside the taper on the edge of the table, and began to study t with minute attention. My indignafamily documents overcame me so far ten, looking up, saw me standing in the doorway. He sprang to his feet, his face turned livid with fear, and he thrust into his breast the chart-like which he had been originally studying. "So!" said L "This is how you re-

pay the trust which we have reposed in you. You will leave my service tomor-

"He bowed with the look of a man the bowed with the look of a man who is utterly crushed, and slunk past me without a word. The taper was still on the table, and by its light I gianced to see what the paper was which Brunton had taken from the buor any importance at all, but simply a copy of the questions and answers in the singular old observance called the Musgrave Ritual. It is a sort of cere-mony peculiar to our family, which each Musgrave for centuries past has gone through on his coming of age a thing of private interest, and perhaps of some little importance to the archaeologist, like our own blazonings and charges, but of no practical use whatever.'
"We had better come back to the

"We had better come back to the paper afterwards, said I.
"If you think it really necessary, he answered, with some hesitation. To continue my statement, however: I relocked the bureau, using the key which Brunton had left, and I had turned to go when I was surprised to find that the butler had returned, and was standing before me.

"""Only a week, sir?" he cried, in a despairing voice. "A fortnight—say at

least a fortnight!"
""A week," I repeated, "and you may consider yourself to have been very leniently dealt with."
"He crept away, his face sunk upon his breast, like a broken man, while I put out the light and returned to my room.

put out the light and returned to my room.

"For two days after this Brunton was most assiduous in his attention to his duties. I make no allusion to what had passed, and waited with some curiosity to see how he would cover his disgrace. On the third morning, however, he did not appear, as was his custom, after breakfast to receive my instructions for the day. As I left the dining-room I happened to meet Rachel Howells, the maid. I have told you that she had only recently recovered from an illness, and was looking so wretchedly pale and wan that I remonstrated with her for being at work.
""You should be in bed," I said. "Come back to your duties when you are stronger."

"She looked at me with so strange an expression that I began to suspect that her brain was affected.

an expression that I began to suspect that her brain was affected.

""I am strong enough, Mr. Musgrave," said she.
""We will see what the doctor says." I answered. "You must stop work now, and when you go downstairs just say that I wish to see Brunton."
"The butler is gone," said she.
""Gone! Gone where!"
""He is gone. No one has seen him.

""The butler is gone," said she.
""Gone! Gone where!"
""He is gone. No one has seen him.
He is not in his room. Oh. yes, he is gone, he is gone!" She fell back against the wall with shriek after shriek of laughter, while I, horrified at this sudden. hysterical attack, rushed to the bell to summon help. The girl was taken to her room, still screaming and sobbing, while I made inquiries about Brunton. There was no doubt about it that he had disappeared. His bed had not been slept in, he had been seen by no one since he had retired to his room the night before, and yet it was difficult to see how he could have left the house, as both windows and doors were found to be fastened in the morning. His clothes, his watch, and even his money were in his room, but the black suit which he usually wore was missing. His slippers, too, were gone, but his boots were left behind. Where then could Butler Brunton have gone in the night, and what could have become of him now?

""Of course, we searched the house from cellar to garret, but there was no trace of him. It is, as I have said, a labyrinth of an old house, especially the original wing, which is now practically uninhabited, but we ransacked every room and cellar without discovering the least sign of the missing man. It was incredible to me that he could have gone away leaving all his property behind him, and yet where could he be? I called in the local police, but without success. Baln had fallen on the night before and we examined the lawn and the paths all around the house, but in vain. Matters were in this state when a new development quite drew our attention away from the original mystery.

"For two days Rachel Howells had here at the could have at the count means the could have at the count means the count means the count means the count means and the paths all around the house, but in vain. Matters were in this state when a new development quite drew our attention away from the original mystery.

"For two days Rachel Howells had

quite drew our attention away from the original mystery.

"For two days Rachel Howells had been so ill, sometimes delirious, sometimes hysterical, that a nurse had been employed to sit up with her at night. On the third night after Brunton's disappearance, the nurse, finding her patient sleeping nicely, had dropped into a nap in the arm chair, when she woke in the early morning to find the bed empty, the window open, and no signs of the invalid. I was instantly aroused and with the two footmen started off at once in search of the missing girl. It was not difficult to tell the direction which she had taken, for starting from under her window we could follow her nder her window we could follow her cotmarks easily across the lawn to the footmarks easily across the lawn to the edge of the mere, where they vanished close to the gravel path which leads out of the grounds. The lake there is eight feet deep, and you can imagine our feelings when we saw that the trail of the poor demented girl came to an end at the edge of it.

"'Of course, we had the drags at once, and set to work to recover the remains, but no trace of the body could we find. On the other hand, we brought

we find. On the other hand, we brought to the surface an object of a most un-expected kind. It was a linen bag, which contained within it a mass of old rusted and discolored metal and several dull-colored pieces of pebble or glass. This strange find was all that we could get from the mere, and although we made every possible search and inquiry yesterday, we know nothing of the fate either of Rachel Howells or of Richard Brunton. The county police are at their wits end and I have come up to you as a last resource. "You can imagine, Watson, with what aggeness I listened to this extraordinary sequence of events and endeavored to piece them together and to devise some common thread upon which they justed and discolored metal and sev

to piece them together and to devise some common thread upon which they might all hang. The butler was gone. The maid was gone. The maid had loved the butler, but had afterwards had cause to hate him. She was of weish blood, flery and passionate. She had been terrible evertead immediately. Weigh blood, hery and passonate. She had been terribly excited immediately after his disapeparance. She had flung into the lake a bag containing some curious contents. These were all factors which had to be taken into contents and the same of them got sideration and yet none of them got quite to the heart of the matter. What was the starting point of this chain of events? There lay the end of this tangled line.

must see that paper, Musgrave, said L 'which this butler of your thought it worth his while to consult



at the risk of the loss of his | quest in all probability," he answered | obvious that we had at last come upon

"It is rather an absurd business, this "Tt is rather an absurd business, this ritual of ours," he answered. But it has at least the saving grace of antiquity to excuse it. I have a copy of the questions and answers here, if you care to run your eye over them. "He handed me the very paper which I have here. Watson, and this is the strange catschism to which each Musgrave had to submit when he came to man's estate. I will read you the questions and answers as they stand.

"Whose was it?"

"This who is gone."

"Who shall have it?"

"He who will come."

"He who will come."
"Where was the sun?"
"Over the oak."
"Where was the shadow?"
"Under the elm."

'It has a girth of 23 feet." "Here was one of my fixed points secured.

"Have you any old elms?" I asked. "There used to be a very old one over yonder, but it was struck by light-

"He handed me the very paper which have here. Watson, and this is the range catechism to which each Musave had to submit when he came to an's estate. I will read you the questons and answers as they stand.

"Whose was it?"

"Whose was it?"

"Who shall have it?"

"Who shall have it?"

"Where was the sun?"

"Where was the shadow?"

"Over the oak."

"Where was the shadow?"

"Thought house, to the scar on the lawn where the elm had stood. It was nearly midway between the oak and the house. My investigation seemed to be progressing.

"I suppose it is impossible to find out how high the elm was?" I asked.

fler was attached.

the true place, and that we had not been the only people to visit the spot

"It had been used for the storage of

wood, but the billets, which had evi-

dently been littered over the floor, were

now piled at the sides, so as to leave a clear space in the middle. In this space lay a large and heavy flagstone

with a rusted iron ring in the center

to which a thick shepherd's check muf-

recently.

to which a thick shepherd's check muffier was attached.

"By Jove!" oried my client. That's
Brunton's muffler. I have seen it on
him, and could swear to it. What has
the villiain been doing here?

"At my susgestion a couple of the
county police were summoned to be
present, and I then endeavored to raise
the stone by pulling on the cravat. I
could only move it slightly, and it was
with the aid of one of the constables
that I succeeded at last in carrying it
to one side. A black hole yawned be
neath, into which we all peered, while
Musgrave, kneeling at the side, pushed
down the lantern.

"A small chamber about seven feet
deep and four feet square lay open to
us. At one side of this was a squat,
brass-bound wooden box, the lid of
which was hinged upwards, with this
curious old-fashioned key projecting
from the lock. It was furred outside
by a thick layer of dust, and damp and
worms had eaten through the wood, so
that a crop of livid fungi was growing
on the inside of it. Several discs of
metal, old coins apparently, such as I
hold here, were scattered over the bottom of the box, but it contained nothing else.

"At the moment, however, we had no

metal, old coins apparently, such as I hold here, were scattered over the bottom of the box, but it contained nothing else.

"At the moment, however, we had no thought for the old chest, for our eyes were riveted upon that which creuched beside it. It was the figure of a man, clad in a suit of black, who squetted down upon his hams, with his forehead sunk upon the edge of the box and his two arms thrown out on each side of it. The attitude had drawn all the stagmant blood to the face, and no man could have recognized that dictorted liver-colored countenance; but his height, his dress, and his hair were all sufficient to show my client, when we had drawn the body up, that it was indeed his missing butler. He had been dead some days, but there was no wound or bruise upon his person to show how he had met his dreadful end. When his body had been carried from the cellar we found ourselves still confronted with a problem which was almost as formidable as that with which we had started.

"I confess that so far, Watson, I had been disappointed in my investigation. I had reckoned upon solving the matter when once I had found the place referred to in the ritual; but now I was there, and was apparently as far as ever from knowing what it was which the family had concealed with such elaborate precautions. It is true that I had thrown a light upon the fate of Brunton, but now I had to ascertain how that fate had come upon him, and what part had been played in the matter by the woman who had disappeared. I sat down upon a keg in the corner and thought the whole matter carefully over.

"You know my methods in such cases, Watson. I put myself in the man's place and, having first gauged his intelligence being quite first rate, so that it was unnecessary to make any allowance for the personal equation, as the astronomers have dubbed it. He knew that something valuable was concealed. He had spotted the place. He found that the stone which covered it

the astronomers have dubbed it. He knew that something valuable was concealed. He had spotted the place. He found that the stone which covered it was just too heavy for a man to move unaided. What would he do next? He could not set help from outside, even trust, without the unbarring of and considerable risk of detection. It was better, if he could, to have his helpmate inside the house. But whom could he ask? This girl had been devoted to him. A man always finds it hard to realize that he may have finally lost a women's low however had!y lost a woman's love, however badly he may have treated her. He would try by a few attentions to make his peace with the girl Howells, and then would engage her as his accomplice. Together they would come at night to the cellar, and their united force would suffice to raise the stone. So far I could follow their actions as if I had

could follow their actions as if I had actually seen them.

"But for two of them, and one a woman, it must have been heavy work the raising of that stone. A burly Sussex policeman and I had found it no light job. What would they do to assist them? Probably what I should have done myself. I rose and examined carefully the different billets of wood which were scattered round the floor. which were scattered round the floor. Almost at once I came upon what I expected. One plece, about three fest in length, had a very marked indentation at one end, while several were flattened at the sides as if they had been compressed by some considerable weight. Evidently, as they had dragged the stone up they had thrust the chunks of wood into the chink, until at last, when the opening was large enough to crawl through, they would hold it open by a billet placed lengthwise, which by a billet placed lengthwise, which might very well become indented at the lower end, since the whole weight of the stone would press it down on to the edge of this other slab. So fac

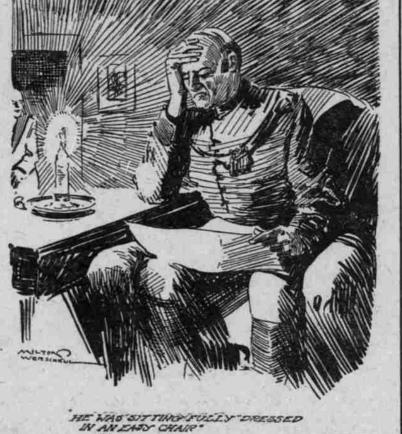
I was still on safe ground.

"And now how was I to proceed to reconstruct this midnight drama? Clearly, only one could fit into the hole, and that one was Brunton. The girl must have waited above. Brunton then unlocked the box, handed up the contents presumably—since they were what happened?

"What smoldering fire of vengeance had suddenly sprung into flame in this passionate Celtic woman's soul when she saw the man who had wronged her she saw the man who had wronged her, perhaps, far more than we suspected—in her power? Was it a chance that the wood had slipped, and that the stone had shut Brunton into what had become his sepulchre? Had she only been guilty of silence as to his fate? Or had some sudden blow from her hand dashed the support away and sent the slab crashing down into its place? Be that as it might I seemed to see that woman's figure still clutch—

its place? Be that as it might. I seemed to see that woman's figure still clutching at her treasure trove and flying wildly up the winding stair, with her ears ringing perhaps with the muffled screams from behind her and with the drumming of frenzied hands against the slab of stone which was choking her faithless lover's life out.

"Here was the secret of her blanched face, her shaken nerves, her peals of hysterical laughter on the next morning. But what had been in the box? What had she done with that? Of course, it must have been the old metal and pebbles which my client had dragged from the mere. She had thrown them in there at the first opportunity to remove the last trace of her crime. "For twenty minutes I had sat mottonless, thinking the matter out. Musgrave still stood with a very pale face, Consided on Page T.)



five and by five, south by two and by two, west by one and by one, and so under."

" What shall we give for it?" "'All that is ours."

"'Why should we give it?"
"'For the sake of the trust."

"The original has no date, but is in the spelling of the middle of the sev-enteenth century,' remarked Musgrave." I am afraid, however, that it can be

of little help to you in solving this mystery." "At least, said I, "it gives us an-

other mystery, and one which is even more interesting than the first. It may be that the solution of the one may prove to be the solution of the other. You will excuse me, Musgrave, if I say that your butler appears to me to say that your butter appears to me to have been a very clever man and to have had a clearer insight than ten generations of his masters."
"I hardly follow you," said Mus-grave. The paper seems to me to be of no practical importance."
"But to me it seems immensely

of no practical importance."
"But to me it seems immensely practical, and I fancy that Brunton took the same view. He had probably seen it before that night on which you caught him."

caught him.'
"It is very possible. We took no pains to hide it."

pains to hide it."

"He simply wished, I should imagine, to refresh his memory upon that last occasion. He had, as I understand, some sort of map or chart which he was comparing with the manuscript, and which he thrust into his pocket when you appeared."

"That is true. But what could he have to do with this old family custom of ours, and what does this rigmarole mean?"

'I don't think that we should have

"I don't think that we should have much difficulty in determining that," said I. "With your permission we will take the first train down to Sussex and go a little more deeply into the matter upon the spot."

"The same afternoon saw us both at Hurlstone. Possibly you have seen pictures and read descriptions of the famous old building, so I will confine we account of it to saying that it is

my account of it to saying that it is built in the shape of an L, the long arm being the more modern portion, and the shorter the ancient nucleus, from which the other has developed. Over the low, heavy-linteled door, in the center of this old part, is chiseled the date, 1607, but experts are agreed that the beams and stonework are really much older than this. The enor-mously thick walls and tiny windows of this part had in the last century driven the family into building the new wing, and the old one was used now as a storehouse and a cellar when it used at all. A splendld park with fine old timber surrounds the house, and the lake to which my client had referred lay close to the avenue, about

200 yards from the building.
"I was already firmly convinced.
Watson, that there were not three separate mysteries here, but one only, and that if I could read the Musgrave rit-

arate mysteries here, but one only, and that if I could read the Musgrave ritual aright I should hold in my hand the clue which would lead me to the truth concerning both the butler Brounton and the maid Howells. To that then I turned all my energies. Why should this servant be so anxious to master this old formula? Evidently because he saw something in it which had escaped all those generations of country squires, and from which he expected some personal advantage. What was it then, and how had it affected his fate?

"It was perfectly obvious to me, on reading the ritual, that the measurements must refer to some spot to which the rest of the document alluded, and that if we could find that spot, we should be in a fair way towards finding what the secret was which the old Musgraves had thought it necessary to embaim" in so curious a fashion. There were two guides given us to start with, an oak and an elm. As to the oak there could be no question at all. Right in front of the house, upon the left-hand side of the drive, there stood a patriarch among oaks, one of the most magnificent trees that I have ever seen.

"That was there when your ritual was drawn up," said I, as we drove past it.

"It was there at the Nerman Con-

"I can give you it at once. It was How do you come to know it? I

asked, in surprise. "'When my old tutor used to give me an exercise in trigonometry, it always took the shape of measuring heights. When I was a lad I worked out every tree and building in the es-

tate."
"This was an unexpected piece of luck. My data were coming more quickly than I could have reasonably hoped.
"Tell me.' I asked, 'did your butler

ever ask you such a question?

"Reginald Musgrave looked at me in actonishment. Now that you call it to my mind, he answered, Brunton did ask me about the height of the tree some

months ago, in connection with some "This was excellent news, Watson, if he had for it showed me that I was on the right road. I looked up at the sun. It and consider

was low in the heavens, and I calculated that in less than an hour it would lie just above the topmost branches of the old oak. One condition mentioned in the Ritual would then be fulfilled. And the shadow of the elm must mean the farther end of the shadow, otherwise the trunk would have been chosen as the guide. I had, then, to find where the far end of the shadow would fall when the sun was just clear of the oak." "That must have been difficult,

Holmes, when the elm was no longe there." . Well, at least I knew that if Brun-

"Well, at least I knew that It Buston could do it. I could also. Besides, there was no real difficulty. I went with Musgrave to his study and whittled myself this peg. to which I tied this long string with a knot at each yard. Then I took two lengths of a fishing-rod, which came to just six feet and I went hack with my client to where the rod, which came to just six feet and I went back with my client to where the elm had been. The sun was just grazing the top of the cak. I fastened the rod on end, marked out the direction of the shadow, and measured it. It was nine feet in length.

"Of course, the calculation now was a simple one. If a rod of six feet threw a shadow of nine, a tree of 264 feet would throw one of 36, and the line of the one would of course, be the line of the

throw one of \$6, and the line of the one would, of course, be the line of the other. I measured out the distance, which brought me almost to the wall of the house, and I thrust a peg into the spot. You can imagine my exultation, water, when within two inches of my watson, when within two inches of my peg I saw a conical depression in the ground. I knew that it was the mark made by Brunton in his measurements, and that I was still upon his trail.

and that I was still upon his trail.

"From this starting-point I proceeded to step, having first taken the cardinal points by my pocket compass. Ten steps with each foot took me along parallel with the wall of the house, and parallel with the wall of the house, and again I marked my spot with a pea. Then I carefully paced off five to the east and two to the south. It brought me to the very threshold of the old door. Two steps to the west meant new that I was to go two paces down the stone-flagged passage, and this was the place indicated by the Ritual.

"Never have I felt such a cold chill of disappointment Watson. For a mo-

al aright I should hold in my hand the liue which would lead me to the truth oncerning both the butler Brounton of the maid Howells. To that them turned all my energies. Why should his servant be so anxious to master this id formula? Evidently because he saw omething in it which had escaped all those generations of country squires, not from which he expected some personal advantage. What was it then, and how had it affected his fate?

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"Never have I felt such a cold chill of disappointment, Watson. For a moment it seemed to me that there must be some radical mistake in my calculations. The setting sun shone full upon the passage floor, and I could see that the old, foot-worn gray stones with which it was paved were firmly comented together, and had certainly not been moved for many a long year. Bruinton had not been at work here. I tapped upon the floor, but it sounded the same all over, and there was no sign of any crack or crevice. But, fortunately, Musgrave, who had begun to appreciate the meaning of my proceedings, and who was now as excited as myself, took out his manuscript to check my calculations.

"And under, he cried. Tou have omitted the "and under."

"I had thought that it meant that we were to dig, but now, of course, I saw at once that I was wrong. There is a cellar under this then? I cried.

"Tes, and as old as the house. Down here, through this door."

"We went down a winding stone stair, and my companion, striking a match, lit a large innern which stood on a barrel in the corner. In an instant it was

(Concluded on Page 7.)